

this: your Lion that holds his Pollax sitting on a close stoole, will be giuen to Ajax. He will be the ninth wor-thie. A Conqueror, and affraid to speake? Runne away for shame *Alisander*. There an't shall please you: a foolish milde man, an honest man, looke you, & soon dashit. He is a maruellous good neighbour insooth, and a verie good Bowler: but for *Alisander*, alas you see, how 'tis a little ore-parted. But there are Worthies a coming, will speake their munde in some other sort. *Exit Cu.*

*Qu.* Stand aside good Pompey.

*Enter Pedant for Iudas, and the Boy for Hercules.*

*Ped.* Great Hercules is presented by this Impe, Whose Club kil'd *Cerberus* that three-headed *Canus*, And when he was a babe, a childe, a shrimpe, Thus did he strangle Serpents in his *Manus*: *Quoniam*, he seemeth in minoritie, Ergo, I come with this Apologic.

Keepe some state in thy exit, and vanish. *Exit Boy*

*Ped.* Iudas I am.

*Dum.* A Iudas?

*Ped.* Not Iscarot sir.

*Iudas* I am, yeliped *Machabens*.

*Dum.* Iudas *Machabens* clipt, is plaine Iudas.

*Ber.* A kissing traitor. How art thou prou'd Iudas?

*Ped.* Iudas I am.

*Dum.* The more shame for you Iudas.

*Ped.* What meane you sir?

*Ped.* To make Iudas hang himselfe.

*Ped.* Begin sir, you are my elder.

*Ber.* Well follow'd, Iudas was hang'd on an Elder.

*Ped.* I will not be put out of countenance.

*Ber.* Because thou hast no face.

*Ped.* What is this?

*Boi.* A Citterne head.

*Dum.* The head of a bodkin.

*Ber.* A deaths face in a ring.

*Lon.* The face of an old Roman coine, scarce seene.

*Boi.* The pummell of *Cassars* Faulchion.

*Dum.* The caru'd-bone face on a Flaske.

*Ber.* S. Georges halfe cheeke in a brooch.

*Dum.* I, and in a brooch of Lead.

*Ber.* I, and worne in the cap of a Tooth-drawer.

And now forward, for we haue put thee in countenance

*Ped.* You haue put me out of countenance.

*Ber.* False, we haue giuen thee faces.

*Ped.* But you haue out-fac'd them all.

*Ber.* And thou wert a Lion, we would do so.

*Boy.* Therefore as he is, an Ass, let him go:

And so adieu sweet Iude. Nay, why dost thou stay?

*Dum.* For the latter end of his name.

*Ber.* For the Ass to the Iude: giue it him. Iudas a-way.

*Ped.* This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

*Boy.* A light for monsieur Iudas, it growes darke, he may fumble.

*Que.* Alas poore *Machabens*, how hath hee beene baited.

*Enter Braggart.*

*Ber.* Hide thy head *Achilles*, heere comes *Hector* in Armes.

*Dum.* Though my mockes come home by me, I will now be merrie.

*King.* *Hector* was but a Trojan in respect of this

*Boi.* But is this *Hector*?

*Kin.* I thinke *Hector* was not so cleane timber'd.

*Lon.* His legges is too big for *Hector*.

*Dum.* More Calfe certaine.

*Boi.* No, he is best indued in the small.

*Ber.* This cannot be *Hector*.

*Dum.* He's a God or a Painter, for he makes faces.

*Brag.* The Armipotent Mars, of *Launces* the almighty,

gaue *Hector* a gift.

*Dum.* A gilt Nutmegge.

*Ber.* A Lemmon.

*Lon.* Stucke with Cloues.

*Dum.* No clouen.

*Brag.* The Armipotent Mars of *Launces* the almighty,

gaue *Hector* a gift, the beire of *Illion*:

A man so breathed, that certaine he would fight: yea

From morn till night, out of his Pavillion.

I am that Flower.

*Dum.* That Mint.

*Lon.* That Cullambine.

*Brag.* Sweet Lord *Longanill* reine thy tongue.

*Lon.* I must rather giue it the reine: for it runnes a-

gainst *Hector*.

*Dum.* I, and *Hector*'s a Grey-hound.

*Brag.* The sweet War-man is dead and rotten,

Sweet chukes, beat not the bones of the buried:

But I will forward with my deuice;

Sweet Royaltie bestow on me the sence of hearing.

*Berowne* steppes forth.

*Qu.* Speake braue *Hector*, we are much delighted.

*Brag.* I do adore thy sweet Graces slipper.

*Boi.* Loues her by the foot.

*Dum.* He may not by the yard.

*Brag.* This *Hector* saue surmounted *Hanniball*.

The partie is gone.

*Clo.* Fellow *Hector*, she is gone; she is two moneths

on her way.

*Brag.* What meanest thou?

*Clo.* Faith vntlesse you play the honest Trojan, the

poore Wench is cast away: she's quick, the child brags

in her belly already: tis yours.

*Brag.* Dost thou insamonize me among Potentates?

Thou shalt die.

*Clo.* Then shall *Hector* be whipt for *Iaquenetta* that

is quicke by him, and hang'd for *Pompey*, that is dead by

him.

*Dum.* Most rare *Pompey*.

*Boi.* Renowned *Pompey*.

*Ber.* Greater then great, great, great, great *Pompey*:

*Pompey* the huge.

*Dum.* *Hector* trembles.

*Ber.* *Pompey* is moued, more Acres more Acres stirre

them, or stirre them on.

*Dum.* *Hector* will challenge him.

*Ber.* I, if a haue no more mans blood in's belly, then

will sup a Flea.

*Brag.* By the North-pole I do challenge thee.

*Clo.* I will not fight with a pole like a Northern man;

He slash, He do it by the sword: I pray, you let mee bor-

row my Armes againe.

*Dum.* Roome for the incensed Worthies.

*Clo.* He do it in my shirt.

*Dum.* Most resolute *Pompey*.

*Page.* Master, let me take you a button hole lower:

Do you not see *Pompey* is vncausing for the combat: what

meane

meane you? you will lose your reputation.

*Brag.* Gentlemen and Souldiers pardon me, I will not combat in my shirt.

*Qu.* You may not denie it, *Pompey* hath made the challenge.

*Brag.* Sweet bloods, I both may, and will.

*Ber.* What reason haue you for't?

*Brag.* The naked truth of it is, I haue no shirt,

I go woolward for penance.

*Boi.* True, and it was inioyned him in *Rome* for want

of Linnen: since when, He be sworne he wore none, but

a dishclout of *Iaquenetta*, and that hee weares next his

heart for a fauour.

*Enter a Messenger, Monsieur Marcade.*

*Mar.* God saue you Madame.

*Qu.* Welcome *Marcade*, but that thou interruptest our merriment.

*Mar.* I am forrie Madam, for the newes I bring is

heauie in my tongue. The King your father

*Qu.* Dead for my life.

*Mar.* Euen so: My tale is told.

*Ber.* Worthies away, the Scene begins to cloud.

*Brag.* For mine owne part, I breath free breath: I

haue seene the day of wrong, through the little hole of

discretion, and I will right my selfe like a Souldier.

*Exit Worthies*

*Kin.* How fare's your Maiestie?

*Qu.* Boyer prepare, I will away to night.

*Kin.* Madame not so, I do beseech you stay.

*Qu.* Prepare, I say. I thanke you gracious Lords

For all your faire endeouours and entreats:

Our of a new sad-soule, that you vouchsafe,

In your rich wisdom to excuse, or hide,

The libellall opposition of our spirits,

Ifouer-boldly we haue borne our felues,

In the conuerse of breath (your gentleness

Was guiltie of it.) Farewell worthe Lord:

A heauie heart beares not a humble tongue.

Excuse me so, comming so short of thanks,

For my great suite, so easily obtain'd.

*Kin.* The extreme parts of time, extremlie formes

All causes to the purpose of his speed:

And often at his verie loofe decides

That, which long proesse could not arbitrate.

And though the mourning brow of progenie

Forbid the smiling cortisie of Loue:

The holy suite which faime it would conuince,

Yet since loues argument was first on foote,

Let not the cloud of sorrow iustle it

From what it purpos'd: since to waile friends lost,

Is not by much so wholsome profitable,

As to reioyce at friends but newly found.

*Qu.* I vnderstand you not, my griefes are double.

*Ber.* Honest plain words, best pierce the ears of griefe

And by these badges vnderstand the King,

For your faire sakes haue we neglected time,

Plaid foule play with our oaths: your beautie Ladies

Hath much deformed vs, fashioning our humors

Euen to the opposed end of our intents,

And what in vs hath seem'd ridiculous:

As Loue is full of vnbesitting straines,

All wanton as a childe, skipping and vaine.

Form'd by the eie, and therefore like the eie.

Full of straying shapes, of habits, and of formes

Varying in subiects as

To euerie varied obie

Which partie-coated

Put on by vs, if in you

Haue misbecom'd our

Those heauenlie eies t

Suggested vs to make

Our loue being yours

Is likewise yours. W

By being once false, f

To those that make vs

And euen that falshoc

Thus purifies it selfe,

*Qu.* We haue rece

Your Fauours, the Ar

And in our maiden co

At courtship, pleasur

As bumbast and as lin

But more deuout then

Haue we not bene, an

In their owne fashion,

*Du.* Our letters Ma

*Lon.* So did our la

*Rosa.* We did not c

*Kin.* Now at the la

Grant vs your loues.

*Qu.* A time me th

To make a world-wit

No, no my Lord, you

Full of deare guiltines

If for my Loue (as th

You will do ought, t

Your oth I will not tr

To some forlorne and

Remote from all the p

There stay, vnill the

Haue brought about

If this aukere insofal

Change not your offe

If frosts, and fairs, ha

Nip not the gaudie bl

But that it beare this

Then at the expiration

Come challenge me,

And by this Virgin p

I will be thine: and t

My wofull selfe vp in

Raining the teares of

For the remembrance

If this thou do denie,

Neither intuled in th

*Kin.* If this, or mo

To flatter vp these p

The sodaine hand of

Hence euer then, my

*Ber.* And what to

*Raf.* You must be

You are atraint with

Therefore if you my

A tweluemonth shal

But seeke the wearie

*Du.* But what to

*Kar.* A wife? a be

With three-fold lou

*Du.* O shall I say

*Kar.* Not so my